

MAYVIEW NOTES.

Fred McAllister and wife of Clarinda, Iowa, are here on a visit to his parents.

G. W. Shull of "Cracker Neck" came over last Thursday and took the C. & A. for Kansas City.

Mrs. Thos. Marshall and children of Higbee spent last Wednesday night here with Mr. and Mrs. Weed Marshall, returning to Higbee Thursday morning.

Miss Nadine Proctor returned to her home in Kansas City last Thursday.

Mr. Whitsett and wife of Odessa are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wells this week.

Elder Arthur Downs has moved into the parsonage. He and his family are now one of us. He preaches every second and fourth Sunday in the Christian church.

Wm. Monroe came in from Louisiana last Friday to visit homefolks.

Sam Winn arrived from Kansas City last Friday for a short stay with his parents.

Dyer Sherwood and James Cunningham had fat hogs on the Kansas City market last Thursday.

T. H. West of Tabo went to Independence last Thursday on business.

W. J. Weaver transacted business in Lexington last Wednesday.

S. N. Wilson of Lexington came out last Wednesday to take a view of his orchard.

The Woodman picnic will take place July 24th. Do not forget the day. Commence early to get ready. Tell your friends and neighbors about it. There will be a good program. We will let you know about it as soon as it is arranged.

Miss Mary Moore spent last Sunday in Higginsville with friends.

Mrs. A. A. Davis of Mound City came in last Tuesday for an extended visit with her brother, T. T. Puckett, and family. Her son, Paul R., came with her. He left for Kansas City Wednesday morning, thence home.

August Hoefer, cashier of the Farmers bank, is sick this week. He is not able to attend to business. He is in Higginsville at his mother's. We hope he will soon be able to be at his duties in the bank.

Mrs. Mattie Pitner after a pleasant visit with friends and relatives left for her home in Kansas City last Tuesday evening.

James Cunningham, wife and daughters and Mrs. W. C. Keith went to Marshall last Wednesday to visit relatives and friends.

D. E. Herr spent last Wednesday in Higginsville on business.

James Ramey left for Chicago last Sunday on a business trip.

Gordon Graham is here. He shows up when you least expect him. He brought in a car of 27 head of Western horses. He will soon offer them for sale. This will be a chance to get a horse worth the money.

Maurice Nordfled and wife have the sympathy of Mayview and vicinity, their old home in the loss of their son, Maurice, Jr., in Kansas City Monday, June 7th, 1908, at 7 o'clock p. m., aged about three months. We love these little ones so tenderly, "of such is the kingdom" God has his small interpreters. As we wander on through sad weary years we love them more and more for the silent ministry of their pure lives. "The lambs of the upper fold" Dear little Maurice, the sweet fragrance of your memory, the lesson of your brief life will gladden many a weary hour saddened by your loss, knowing you are safe in the arms of the Master; for he careth for the least of these. T. D. Williamson, wife any family attended the funeral of their grandson.

Emma Lohmann was born in St. Louis March 13th, 1850. She was married to John Sanders in Franklin county, 1873, and died in Kansas City June 9th, 1908. She with her husband came to Lafayette county in 1879, this county being her home until her death. By this union 8 children were born—7 boys and one girl. She was a member of the German Evangelical church in Mayview. The funeral services were held in the church conducted by Rev. Wm. Buehler and Rev. Talbert last Friday, June 11th. Interment in the church cemetery east of town. Thus one of God's noblewomen has passed away. Her work was done, our loss, hers the eternal gain. She was a true woman and a true Christian. The pure life that she lived, the kind words she has spoken shall live on and they will reproduce themselves in other lives; for she was a staunch friend to her friends, a loving and tender mother. Her influence shall live on in the hearts of those whom she influenced towards goodness. So we can truly say of her "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth—Yea said the spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." To the husband and children that are left behind we extend sympathy.

THE SMITH FAMILY

By Helene Hicks Bowen

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Beatrice Carson had been much wooed but never wed, at which latter fact people marveled.

She was advertised as the youngest star on the American stage.

Godfrey Montague was an unsuccessful actor of the old school, and should have considered himself unusually lucky in obtaining a small character part in Miss Carson's company.

Frankly old, the man had never been a first-rate actor, though passably well trained in his art by past experience in supporting great tragedians.

When Miss Carson first took notice of him in her kindly, gentle way, he was as unprepossessing as is possible to a worn-out passe member of the profession. He wore his hair greasily long and unkempt. His face was sallow and flabby. His rather fine eyes, the man's only good point, were surrounded by a network of dissipated wrinkles.

Miss Carson, always charming to all who surrounded her, won the poor old actor's heart by her ever-ready smile; her pleasant greeting whenever they chanced to meet; her apparent interest in him, and flattering courtesy.

In other words, Beatrice treated him just as she did everybody else, and Godfrey Montague had been so snubbed and shouldered aside that he had almost forgotten what it was like to be treated as an equal.

When Miss Carson heard that Montague had been taken suddenly ill, she sent him some flowers and a few words of sympathy pencilled upon her visiting card.

She was greatly surprised to receive in return a message from the old man, begging her to call upon him.

"I call it confoundedly cheeky," said the manager, but Beatrice only smiled. "I will go, poor old creature! They say he is not expected to live, and it is very little for me to do if it will give him any pleasure."

The sick old Thespian lay outstretched upon his untidy bed in a squalid little hall bedroom of a third-rate boarding house.

Beatrice Carson had been as tenderly and luxuriously reared as a millionaire's daughter. The Carsons were the aristocrats of stagemod.

"Poor old Monty, you are very ill, are you not?" she said softly, taking a rickety chair beside the bed.

"I'm dying," croaked Godfrey, with a dramatic gesture of relinquishing life.

"Oh, I hope it is not so bad as that." "But it is," the man persisted, "and I want you to do something for me before I pass over."

The sepulchral tone in which he uttered these words was dreadfully impressive.

"Of course, Monty, you know I shall be glad to do anything I can to make you more comfortable."

"Anything?" demanded Godfrey, raising himself on one elbow and fixing her with hollow, glittering eyes.

"Why, yes," said Beatrice, somewhat nonplused by his earnestness.

"Will you marry me?"

Beatrice Carson stared at the sick man in undisturbed bewilderment. Surely he must be out of his mind. She wondered whether she ought to call the landlady of the house at once, or try to reason with him.

"Remember I am dying," panted Godfrey, "and you have just promised to do anything you could for me."

"There, there, lie down," murmured Miss Carson, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself so."

"You think I am raving, but I'm not," he cried. "I shall not lie down until you have promised to send me out of this life a happy man. I'm sure I have always been miserable enough living, you might be willing to let me die content."

So the man meant it. Miss Carson felt weak from the shock.

"What harm will it do you?" he went on, pleading. "You have no husband and you do not want one. Well, marry me and you will have all the prestige of matrimony without the burden of a man, together with the realization that you have sent one human being to his grave ecstatically glad."

"You are talking nonsense," said Beatrice, moving impatiently, whereat, to her consternation, the man broke into a pitiful spell of weeping.

"Oh, for goodness' sake! don't do that," she cried, alarmed at the possible effect of such excitement upon poor, worn frame.

With difficulty he suppressed his sobs. "Will you marry me?" he demanded.

"Yes, if you will lie down and be quiet now."

"When?" asked the man.

"Whenever you like."

After all, the girl thought, swiftly, why should she not humor him? What difference could it possibly make to her?

When Miss Carson and her manager went to the little hall room the next afternoon they found both a clergy-

man and a physician in attendance.

The latter drew them aside and warned them against subjecting the sick man to any unnecessary excitement. "I doubt if he lives the night through," were the parting words of the man of medicine.

The manager thought that his star had completely taken leave of her sense, but being accustomed to obey her lightest whim, he arranged the few preliminaries as rapidly as possible.

After the short ceremony, Godfrey Montague handed his wife an important looking document. "My will," he announced, dramatically. "I have left everything to you." The manager grinned, and even Beatrice had to turn away her head to hide a smile.

For three days Godfrey Montague lingered, and Beatrice spent every minute with him that she could spare from her work. Then he died very softly, just at twilight, while she was holding his hand.

The funeral was a very quiet one. The marriage had not been announced, but after Godfrey's death Miss Carson's manager thought that their press agent should be given some of the facts and permitted to make capital of the romantic affair. Beatrice instinctively shrank from such a course, but she lived for her profession; her every breath was drawn in a glare of publicity, and since poor old Montague was gone, what difference did it make how much the world knew of the facts of her marriage.

Of course the matter proved a nine days' wonder, and the standing room only sign was in constant demand at the Carson theater.

The newspapers published a different picture of the young star every day and also different versions of the peculiar romance.

Beatrice was beginning to get a little tired of her new notoriety, when there came to her one day an alert, keen-eyed man, who sent in word by her maid that he wanted to see Mrs. Smith, formerly Miss Carson, on business. Now Smith was Montague's real name, and the one he had been married under.

Beatrice naturally felt startled at hearing herself so called.

"Let the man in," she said to the astonished maid.

"Mrs. Smith, I know," he began, concisely. "I have seen you act many times. I am just in receipt of a communication from a client of mine in Idaho, who has been trying to track David Smith for a year. Your husband, madame, effectually hid his identity beneath his stage title. The story, briefly, is this: Several years ago Mr. Smith went to Idaho and spent a summer prospecting for gold. He never discovered any, but he staked out several claims and proved his rights in them. One of these claims has now turned out to be exceedingly rich in high-grade copper ore, and the Amalgamated Copper association has offered to buy it. My client thinks it wise to sell, as it will require much capital to properly develop the property, but he will do nothing without your consent, as you are joint owner with him."

Beatrice gasped.

Her astonishment grew as she mastered the details of this strange legacy, which had dropped to her apparently out of the skies. Her eccentric marriage had made her a rich woman.

At length Beatrice Carson found herself rich enough to give full sway to the artist in her nature, without regard to managerial demands. She made extensive preparations to produce a great dramatic poem, which her man of business pronounced to be way over the heads of the public.

"I shall play hereafter to those few, choice spirits who can appreciate the best. I am no longer obliged to think of box office receipts," returned the actress, haughtily.

But the best laid plans of artists, as well as those of mice and common men, oft go astray. Mrs. Smith's ambitious projects were checked in their inception by a most unforeseen occurrence.

The occurrence came in the form of another woman, a person of aggressive manners, and the remains of considerable beauty. She forced herself into the presence of the actress, with small regard for ceremony.

"What does this mean?" Beatrice demanded.

"It means that I was once the wife of Godfrey Montague."

"Good heavens!" cried Beatrice.

"You need not be worried," the other said, reassuringly. "We were divorced in regular form long before he married you, but as the court allowed me alimony which has never been paid, I think I am entitled to some share of that money for which you married him."

Beatrice did not deny the mercenary imputation contained in the woman's words.

"If you can legally prove that your claim is a just one you shall be paid whatever the courts deem right," she said, coldly.

The demands of the other Mrs. Smith reduced the fortune of Beatrice by a large slice, but she refused to contest the case, after her lawyer was convinced that the woman had in reality been the wife of David Smith for several years.

"She is really more entitled to the money than I am," Beatrice insisted.

Of course the matter made a sensational stir in newspaperdom, and in order to get away from the unpleasant notoriety, Beatrice arranged to sail for Europe in search of a little rest and quiet.

Again her plans received a check. This time fate appeared in the form of a slip of a girl, not more than 18 years old. She was lovely, and ge-

tle, and diffident; evidently greatly impressed by her first meeting with a celebrated actress.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she faltered, "but Aunt Ellen thought I ought to come."

"I do not see how you could ever trouble any one," returned Beatrice, sweetly. "Tell me what it is you want."

The girl, who had an evident sense of humor, laughed a little awkwardly. "What I really want, I suppose, stated briefly, is some of your money," she announced.

Beatrice looked startled, and the smile faded from her lips.

"You see Mr. Montague, the actor, was my father."

"Your father!" Beatrice shrieked, in her agitation. "Are you the daughter of that woman?"

"Don't speak of my mother as 'that woman,'" said the girl fiercely. "She has been dead ever since I was born, but she was dear, and sweet, and lovely."

"What, another? Merciful powers! Did David Smith spend his life in getting married?"

"Poor father was very unfortunate in everything he undertook, even his marriages," said the stanch little daughter.

"I should think so, indeed," retorted Beatrice.

"Daddy was very fond of me, but as he was always so unsuccessful financially, Aunt Ellen has had to take care of me up in Massachusetts all my life. When she read about the money you had received from that property nobody knew papa owned, she felt that it was only fair that she be reimbursed, and she thinks, too, that I ought to have a little something to live on. I have been studying for the stage, but Aunt Ellen says she does not think I have any more talent than poor daddy had, and I'd probably never amount to anything."

"You poor, modest child. Certainly you shall have some of the money. I am sure nobody in the world has more right to David Smith's property than his own daughter."

Miss Carson's legal adviser was pained at the generosity she exhibited towards this new relative of her dead husband's.

"I begin to feel," she laughingly told the man, "as if I was a mere trustee for this fortune, simply handling it for the benefit of the rightful heirs."

It was at a gay little supper that Beatrice received her next shock. He was such a good-looking chap she felt drawn to him at once, without the slightest suspicion.

"You are not a New Yorker, Mr. Smith?" she inquired.

"No, I am a native of California, but have spent practically all of my life abroad."

"What a lot of us there are in the world," laughed the woman. "You know my name is Smith, too."

"Yes," said the young man; "everybody knows that, and I have particular reason to recollect the fact."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh it is too absurd, and you so beautifully young—much younger even than I thought."

"What in the world has my youth, which is not so great after all, got to do with the name of Smith?" she demanded.

"Well, you see, you are something of an infant to be stepmother to a man of my size."

"Please be prepared to catch me if I faint. I'm really beginning to stand these shocks rather well now, though. They are getting to be the regular thing. Are you the older brother of that sweet stepdaughter of mine, and why haven't I heard of you before?"

"No," returned Max Smith, "I am an earlier edition than any of the others. You see, David Smith ran away with my mother when they were mere boy and girl, before he ever went on the stage. My grandfather followed and separated them. David disappeared and my mother grieved herself to death. My father came back once after he heard, and begged grandfather to let him see me. I was a little shaver then. Later we learned that he was married again. I never heard anything more of him until the papers began to have hysterics over your romantic marriage."

"I wonder," mused Beatrice, "if there are any more."

"Why?"

"I am only pondering whether I should be shirking my responsibilities if I hand over the rest of that money to you and finally rid myself of the burden, or if I ought to keep some in case more claimants turn up."

"You poor child, it must have been a worry to you," said Max, sympathetically. "You won't turn over any of your money to me though, except on one condition."

"And that?" she asked surprised.

"Well, it is a bit early to mention it, since we have met for the first time this evening, but if you insist on giving me the money, although I have heaps of my own, you will have to give me yourself too."

"Oh!" gasped Beatrice, "this really is so sudden, and I am your mother, too, after a fashion."

"In name only, and you merely took that to humor the last whim of a dying man. I think you were just splendid. Tell me that by and by, perhaps if I am very patient, and try to be exceedingly good, do you suppose you might perhaps give me the money on that condition?"

Miss Carson laughed. "How perfectly absurd!" Then as his eyes caught hers, a quick blush spread over her face. "After all though," she continued, "you never can tell, and I do want to do the right thing about that money. It certainly belongs to you if you are his own son, and if you refuse utterly to take it on any other condition—well perhaps, later on if you wear as you begin—Oh, it is too utterly ridiculous!"

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